



# Clockwork



👁 13 ✓ 0 ★ 2

## Chapter 1 by TreasonGuy "Abhilash Aditya"

Tick tock Tick tock..

**7:00 AM**

Brrrrrrriiingggggg...

The alarm goes off.

I wake up, pick the dried bowl of instant noodles from last night, resting on the side table, brush my teeth, finish up my morning chores and get ready for office.

Like Always...

Tick tock Tick tock...

**10:00 AM**

Beep Beep...

The staccato beeping of the machine as I scan my pass, walking into the metro station. I look at the display which informs me about the 2 minutes I have to wait for the next train. As usual, I board into a bogie stuffed with passengers, all on way to their respective offices. My olfactory detects mixture of different deodorants, each made to please the mind, individually. The mixture however, was cringe-worthy.

Like always...

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Tick tock Tick tock

**11:00 AM**

Click clack tap tap..

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I am bent over a computer screen, typing furiously. A girl from my adjacent cube arrives. I can smell her perfume.

"Good morning!" she says

"Good morning!" I reply, never looking back. The smell fades away.

Like always...

Tick tock Tick tock

**02:00 PM**

Clink clang chatter chatter...

I am at the cafeteria now, sitting alone at the small table. I see a guy approach me. He is smartly dressed in a shirt and a tie. I smile at him.

"Hey!", I say

"Hey man! Can I borrow the chair?", he spoke without a hint of identification, as he pointed to the empty chair across my table.

"Sure..." I speak, returning to my meal.

We used to be friends at college, eight years ago.

Tick tock Tick tock

**9:00 PM**

Wooooooooooooottttttttt...

The last train back to my home whistles its departure as I am scanning my card. I sprint across the station to just make it in time to slip in through the closing door. The train is almost empty at this hour. Everyone stares at me as I try to catch my breath.

Like always...

Tick tock Tick tock

**10:30 PM**

I retire to my bed, a bowl of instant noodles in my hand, and switch on the television to some random channel. I know I will end up asleep within an hour. In the morning I will find the bowl dried up, sitting on the side table, with the remains of the leftover noodles.

Like always...

Or... That's what I thought.

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